

The Haunting

By Helen J. Dixon

He entered her world, a friend
Someone to trust, confide in
But it changed when he became
a violent stranger

Walked in her home, invited
Turned her haven into a hell
Knocked her down, held her arms, pelting her
with hot stale breath

All the time, whispering words of love
while assaulting her with actions of hate
Her eyes closed, attempting to blot out
of consciousness the pain

Arising, he arranged his clothes
Leaving her a writhing ball on the floor
She dare not move, disbelief piercing her
shattered psyche

All she could do was whisper
“Leave, go away”. His dark eyes, like daggers
stabbed through her skin, through all organs,
penetrated her soul

When he left, he took her trust, her safety.
She could only lie there wanting to die
needing the reassurance, the passion
to live.

He comes back in her dreams
Shape shifting, making mischief
Screaming, she awakes, longing
for oblivion.

Can't shake the ghost of the day
The pain, a dull ache in her heart, lingers
Want to lose herself in forgetfulness, but she's
forever haunted.

